The Shakeup!

a distortion of student opinion

28th Year, No. 10 — Shakey Heights High School, Shaker Heights, Ohio — April 1, 1958

These teachers are here for security purposes. For the heads of these prisoners, turn to page seven.

NEWS FLASH!

Students Rise, Teachers Decline--- Revolutionaries Gain Upper Hand

By Lairy Con

An unparalleled event in the history of the United States has taken place at Shaker Heights High School. Throughout history, students have resented the dictatorial methods of their pedagogues. Never before has the challenge been met. Because of their superior intellect, most probably, the students of Shaker High planned the overthrow of the Russell Rupp regime and were successful therein.

On the morning of March 28, 1958, all was peaceful in the halls of Shaker High—too peaceful. It would have seemed to an outsider to be a normal school day; however, there was a note of tenseness in the air as the students changed classes at the end of the second period. At exactly 11:17 a.m., the wrath of the student element took its proper course. All was accomplished quickly, quietly, and efficiently.

It was ironic that the chemistry instructors were conquered by means of their own creation. It was a simple task for the students, led by science majors, to create concentrated sulphuric acid bombs and N_2O (laughing gas) pellets with which to bring the chem profs under control. An example was made of Mr. Goodman, who, in attempting to resist, was immediately rendered hysterical by an N_2O missile.

In the biology department the antagonists were surrounded by the animals, which they had been torturing with their demoniac experiments. The results, as expected, were too gruesome to relate. The revolutionaries present at the time preferred to classify the whole matter as "poetic justice."

Because of their extensive espionage system, the students had previously obtained the daily schedule of every staff member and co-ordinated their forces so that no member of the enemy could escape capture. It was found that many teachers could be caught at the same time in the Social Room during third period.

The last note of irony! The very iron curtain constructed by the oppressors to restrict the free movement of the student body was converted into a P.O.S. (Prisoner of Students) camp.

Creatures Released From Cages Add to Violence of Revolution

To aid them in their struggle for freedom, Shaker students decaptivated all the biology animals in hopes that they would join their ranks. Once released from the spell of the biology teachers, the animals changed remarkably.

Half-dissected crayfish and earthworms became alive and all grew to the size of monsters. Having felt the pains of scalpel and scissors, the animals had no sympathy for the students and, instead of allying themselves with them, they reamed the halls without passes, waiting for an innocent victim on whom they could wreak revenge.

The situation became critical when a long-dead, discarded grasshopper, the size of a dragon, attempted to dissect a pupil. A state of emergency was then declared and boosters were stationed throughout the halls with machine guns under orders to shoot anything on more than two legs.

A giant green serpent (earthworm), its skin cut off and its side bristling with pins, lay waste and devastation to the school and slithered up the "down" stairs. Because of the persistent demands of the Ladies' League for the Prevention of Cruelty to Ladies, the Student Council temporarily released the biology teachers.

Armed only with scalpel and forceps, they rallied against the serpent. To their futile protests, several students answered, "Oh, it can't hurt you; it's the only a little old Lumbricus terristrls."

By the bravery of these devoted teachers and the valiant booster force, the animals were subdued and forced back into their rightful position in the scale of animal life.

Corruption and Fraud Revealed In Shaker's Trusted Bookstore

By Lindy Pindy

The biggest fraud in the school's history was disclosed today when the revolutionists succeeded in breaking into the bookstore. How many hundreds of biology students have stood in line waiting for biology lab reports and extra biology insert sheets only to be told there are none? Little did they know that there were 251,923 of each of these hidden in a secluded corner.

Although more than 1,500 students, eager to improve their reading, flock to the bookstore daily, the book store only has one copy of "How to Become a Better Reader" on hand at a time. In addition to this, they supply only 38 packs of blue graph paper but 40 packs of green graph paper, even though everyone knows that students like blue much better than green.

The bookstore has in store 100 pencils and 2,000 erasers. How many mistakes do Shaker students make? Not only that, all the erasers are green!!

Fountain pens selling at $1.60 were found out to be worth exactly $.03. The bargain was in the points (which nobody buys). They should have cost $.36 but sold for only $.35, but this great savings was never announced to the student body. Another real gyp was the sale of nose clips. People who bought them found they kept water out of only one nostril.

Those in charge of the bookstore were planing to issue a new schedule this coming week: Monday through Friday—8.10 thru 8.11 A. M. and 6.30 thru 6.49 P. M.

'Tonight at 7 in the Ely' Is Password of the Day

The Ely Gallery, that old pre-revolutionary museum of stagnant art forms, has suddenly become the headquarters of the new movement in Shaker. As befits its new position many revolutionary war prizes are wall decorations.

One of the first new additions to the decor was a large number of green plants stolen from Mrs. Barrow. This situation is deplorable, however, because at least seven French students were asphyxiated because of the unhealthy atmosphere.

A sad silence reigns in the gallery. This is not strange when one remembers that the bell that the students captured from Mr. MacKeigan is now doing duty as a paperweight. Only the sound of Mr. Bristol throwing chalk at his waste basket echoes through the building.

As with most revolutions a typical strongman has emerged. Lance McTokum, a former basket weaving major, has "taken over" and now fits behind a desk in the gallery. This should by no means imply that democracy has been crushed at Shaker (the next sentence will!). Lance has decided to do away with that independent, hard-working organization the Student Council!

Rebels Invade Librarians' Domain; New Policies Now Being Initiated

That room filled with assorted volumes of various colors and sizes has not been overlooked by the reformers.

The library, long a hot bed of dissension, has undergone several changes by decree of the new regime. Students will be happy to learn that a degree of tranquility will pervade the heretofore rather noisy atmosphere — All librarians have been bound and gagged quite effectively.

Shakerites may now sharpen pencils, do geometry and "chat quietly with their neighbors" without the fear of being dismissed from library. The study of mathematics and other "unlibraryish" subjects is being encouraged, since reference books are now being sent to the study halls.

The library's hall pass, formerly given to only those related to members of the staff or to students near death, is now lent freely. Students will also delight in learning that copies of **Mad**, and **Humbug** are available for reference use at the magazine rack.

An ultimatum has been issued by the revolutionists decreeing that anyone uttering less than ten audible words will be permaently forbidden to have access to the library or its facilities.

The policies of the college reference room have also been changed.

Do-It-Yourself Revolution Kit on Sale (Sold in the Newly Revised Bookstore)

1. 1 box of battle ribbons
2. bottle of plaid mercurochrome
3. instant blood
4. 1 copy of **How I Did It** by Juan Peron
5. 1 copy of **Knitting Instructions** by Madame Defarge

Don't go away mad

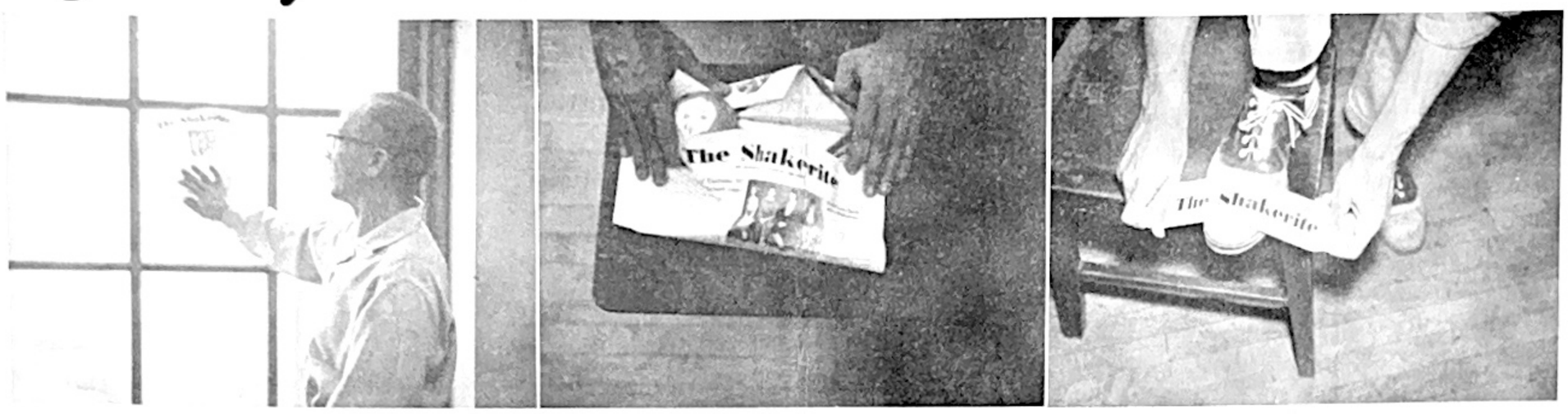
—Just go away!

Notice

Any similarity between this and a normal newspaper is decidedly unintentional. The editors have had a most enjoyable time turning things upside down for this issue, and we hope that nobody is offended by our April Foolishness. We mean well—we really do—cross our hearts and hope to die—Aaaaaargh.

Elegies Composed In Church Yards
CALL TOM GRAY

Everyone Reads the Shakerite



Staff Spree

Miss Bannaian reminded Mr. Rupp what day it was. It was a perfect day for the annual outing; rain was drizzling down, puddles encompassed the parking lot, the students were locked up. "What a jag!" screeched Miss Burgess. Mrs. Barrow consulted her Cahier Noir, page-1, and the committee of five to decide if she wanted to go. Mrs. Keating adjusted her knapsack and off they went to Shaker Lake.

F. E. Hammond saw to it that all were in step. As they neared the lake, Miss Blair and Mrs. Kneifel got off their ponies and reminisced about the day Caesar was killed. Mr. Kuechle absent-mindedly bisected a rhombus in the sand while Mr. Randall threw his Winston into the stream (just missing Mr. Brown), jumped up and down, screamed, and looked disdainfully on while he tried to teach Mr. Zednik how to parse.

Mrs. Anderson giggled, closed her Wellesley catalogue, and decided that it was time to go. After it was okayed by R. D. K., the group prepared for their hike back. Suddenly everyone looked at Miss Palmer; she was talking to Mrs. Strela! This was odd because Miss Palmer hadn't spoken to her since the faculty Christmas party. (Actually this was not an intended slight; it was only due to the face that she couldn't remember her name.) However, Mr. Harbourt drowned them out as he whispered, "L.G.T.S.O.T.R.!" (meaning "Let's get this show on the road!") Suddenly Mrs. Brammer appeared. "Wait for me!" she cried. And so, after amusing himself by cutting in the lunch line, Mr. Pickering turned the elevator key and everyone left.

Students' First Day of Liberation Proves to Be Vengeful and Violent

We began our First Day of Liberation with a period of Five Minutes' Hate. Our hate was directed toward the little box that hangs on every homeroom wall, that defamed instrument of totalitarianism, the P. A., and toward the despised noises issuing from it.

As one of the deposed rulers tinkled his bell as he had done many times in an effort to summon attention, our emotions overcame us; we flung dictionaries and copies of *Henry Esmond* at the little box.

Next, the voice of one to be quickly ostracized, the famed Zorro, announced that he was about to tell one of his latest jokes. At this the furor of the crowd became louder and louder, and boos and vile epithets drowned out the attempt at humor.

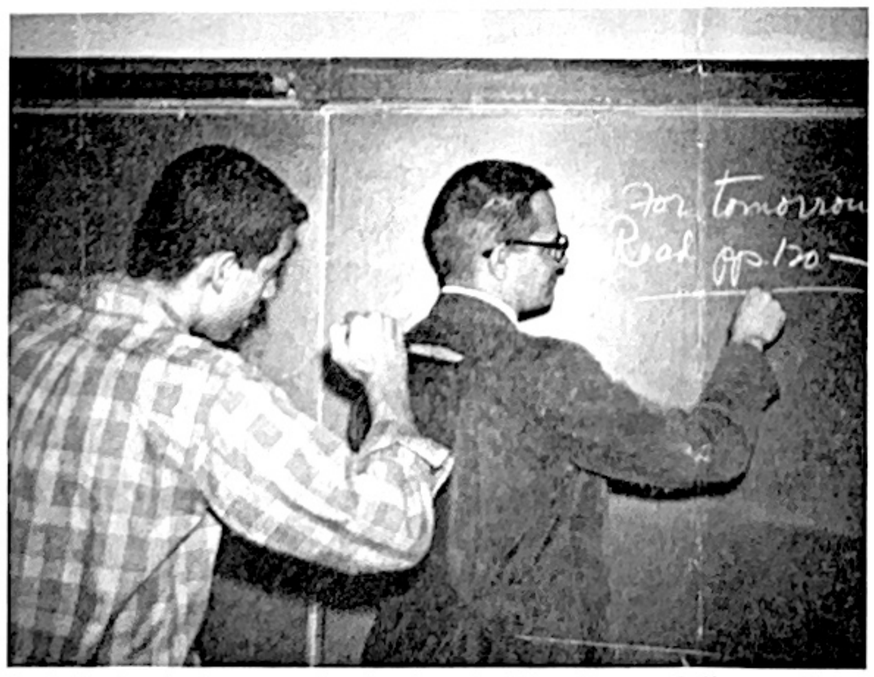
When the Five Minutes' Hate had ended, our emotions were spent; we felt only the pleasure of having rid the school of its most undesirable element, the teachers.

All fearful memories of teachers had to be erased, history had to be rewritten to include no mention of teachers so that future students would not know of any such thing as a teacher. The only mention left in the texts of anyone related to the teaching profession was that of Ichabod Crane.

The image of the scarecrow teacher and would-be lover was intended to excite a student's feeling that anyone who had autocratical charge of a classroom of pupils was an object of ridicule.

As highly-organized, feverish activity contined in the classrooms, your on-the-spot correspondent sensed danger. This reporter was on hand to provide all the details for your propaganda journal, or rather, your newspaper. The Big Bad Wolf, otherwise known as R.J.M., had crept into the school and was flirting with the female hall guards on the second floor.

This attempt to corrupting the student police force was foiled when the jealous male hall guards, sensing an awesome rival, enlisted the help of the great wolf catcher, Peter. With the Big Bad Wolf swinging by his tail from the clock in the main hall, fearful females went back to their posts, and the boys began shooting at the helpless Wolf with peashooters.



A student calmly persuades teacher to join the revolutionary forces.

Patronize the
DEMERIT PANEL!

Calendar of Events

Monday:
Homeroom Period — Address P.T.A. envelopes for *Mad Magazine*
3:30 — Combined Y-Teen panel; "What Every Girl Should Know." Guest Speaker: Cassanova

Tuesday:
8:30—All sewing classes must turn in completed Voodoo dolls
Periods 1 through 6—Social Studies Movie "Peyton Place"
3:30—Pre-Med Club meeting; bring scalpel and cadaver.

Wednesday:
5:30 a.m.—Surprise Fire Drill
3:30 — Pre-Med Club Bake Sale — chocolate-covered cadavers cheap!

Thursday:
3:30—Junior Council on World Affairs will meet in Ely Gallery to make plans for taking over the world.

Friday:
3:30 — Meeting of Girls' Followers' Club — Bring your black gym suit!

Saturday:
8:30 p.m. — The Hop Hop—Girls' Gym and anti-Social Room—Sponsored by the track team.

Her and Him
with
Reni and Jim

Tale of Two Classes

The life you save will be yours—**Marilyn Berger, Patti Reitman,** and **Micki Mandel** have their licenses now. Look out, world!

Note for the girls' locker room: Keep your powder dry!

Congratulations to **Roger Sindell** and **Ron Kulberg** for their prize-winning science entry. (Need any help in spending the prize, boys?)

Don't go wild, but we just found out that **Kenny Sunshine** doesn't throw his shirts away after he wears them once.

Hollywood Hits Cleveland

Yes, its time again for another fascinating, revealing, true-life interview. (A better name might be low life, but we won't go into that.) With the influx of new movies into downtown theaters we thought that the isolated Shakerites might like to talk out about the latest cinema. Tere's a glassy-eyed fellow, yet's talk to him. . . .

Reporter: Hi there, glassy-eyed fellow. Have you seen any of the new movies?

Fellow: Yes and no. I've tried to see them though.

Rep: What d'ya mean, man? Why couldn't you see them?

Fellow: Well, everytime I went to the State or the Allen or one one of those places I had to wait in a long, long line to get a Ticket. Then, by the time I bought a ticket they wouldn't let me in, because no one is seated in the last thirty minutes of any good movie any more.

Rep: Gee, that's tough luck. Didn't you catch any of the new pics?

Fellow: Yes I did. Finally I got a job as an usher where they're showing that new Russian spectacular.

Rep: What's the name?

Fellow: I think they call it "The Brothers Kare-for-matzo."

Rep: Have you seen any of those new art pictures?

Fellow: Oh, yes indeed. But it's different there. The lines of people are just as long—only they're trying to get out and on the next plane to Paris.

Rep. What do you think of Brigitte Bardot?

Fellow: Well, that's hard to say. I've never seen her.

Rep. You go to art theaters and you've never seen Brigitte Bardot? How come?

Fellow: I'm too busy reading the sub-titles.

April's Foolish Questions

1. Who's smarter: **Don Stern** or his fish?
2. Whom did Patty Murphy vote for?

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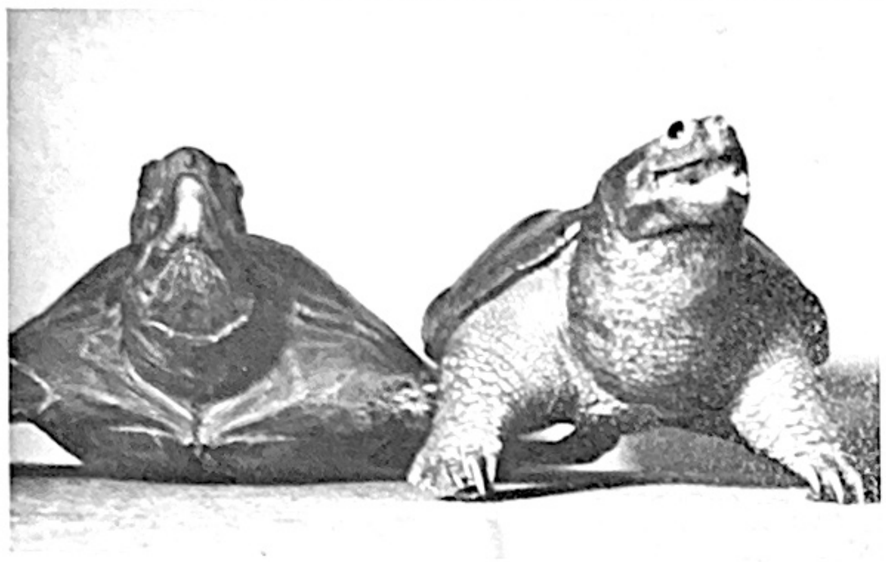

"You must have been a beautiful baby"

By Sue Lemel

These *Chelydra Serpentiae* (typical Shakerites) have asked many times to have their baby pictures published in the *Shakeup*. Because of their constant pleading (pleading is a prerequisite to publication), their great popularity, and their remarkable reputation for strong jaws and a vicious bite, their pictures are being used for this month's "You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby" column. Incidentally, the highly secretive information in this column was kindly related by the mothers of these "youngsters," who co-operatively came out of their shells to be interviewed.

Although both were born on the same day, the **Chelydra** Serpentina on the left may actually be twenty-four hours older than the one on the right. His parents were swimming to the United States that day and confusion arose date-wise when they crossed the international date-line.

Both have been outstanding members of the community. Their volunteer work and service are commendable. Both have modeled for that chocolate, caramel and nut confection known as the "turtle," and both have helped rid the community of pesty insects. (They eat them!)

The one on the right, it is supposed, was a member of the cheerleading squad. Unfortunately however, during a summer practice session, she fell on her head doing a cartwheel and has never been the same since. The one on the left has an outstanding scholastic average. In fact, he was recently the winner of a school-wide grammatical contest until he was disqualified because neither employees nor students of Shaker Heights High School nor family pets were eligible to win.

As may readily be seen from the foregoing information, neither has had a particularly successful high school career. However, they have tried and the purpose here is to glorify the under-dog (or under-turtle as the case may be).

Klyver Kouncil Konsideration Kontrols Kafeteria Kalamity

Recent legislation by the Student Council under the new regime has been proposed to alleviate crowded conditions in the school cafeteria.

Johann Fairgassin, student president, reports, "Since our enrollment has passed the five-figure mark and circumstances in the lunch room are becoming rather, shall I say, overly-intimate, several radicals have had the ingenuity to suggest a new plan for lunch periods. The council, after 14 sessions of deliberation, had attached 11 riders and immediately made public the new suggestion."

The following will go into effect instantly after a vote of assurance from the student body, the faculty, the administration, the school board, and the newly-organized Moms' Club:

(1) **REASON**—Too much loitering in the excessively long lunch period before the next class.
RULE—Lunch periods will each be shortened to a duration of eight, nay, let's make it six, minutes.

(2) **REASON**—Wasted space by the present overly-large entrance door to Cafeteria.
RULE—A new door will be installed. This will be a single, Dutch door with upper and lower swinging parts. New signs will be hung reading "Keep Up" and "Keep Down."

(3) **REASON**—Dancing in the aisles.
RULE—Rows will consist of unseparated tables, placed end to end. This will also eliminate "seating cliques." Now you won't be able to avoid sitting with your enemies.

(4) **REASON** — Dangerous stacking of trays at return window.
RULE — This space will be greatly enlarged. To save the expense of additional employees, students will be requested to carefully aim and throw trays at proper places: knife, fork, spoon, cleaver, napkin, dishes, glass, waste-paper, navel oranges, and Maypo boxes. Students who deliberately misfire, however, will be tied to a stake in the center of the upstairs hall during the mad rush to the lunch line. (After a timely experimental test of this punishment, it has been determined that 99 persons out of ten will perish under the trampling hoofs of hungry schoolmates.)

Assistant Director of Student Absurdities, S. I. Thrillkill, tells us that this plan, properly coordinated, will undoubtedly transform our lunch periods from hectic moments of indigestion to pleasant periods of consumption.

Girls' Sports Lark

By Stark Raving

This is your commentator bringing you the girls' varsity basketball game of the season from locker number 923187—and there they go — the Red Pinnies versus the Blue Pinnies!

But wait . . . hold everything! Official time out has been called. It looks like an injury. It is an injury; the pinnie of number 57 red (one of the famous varieties) has just come unfastened. The team members rush in to offer their assistance. The bow is tied, and once again we are off.

The center throw is received by a blue forward (she's feeling very depressed), but she hesitates. She has forgotten which basket she is shooting for. Another official time out, while this tiny point is clarified.

And we're off again! A team foul is called on Mama Duck who is coaching from the sidelines. The free shot misses the backboard, but does hit the wall which is encouraging. However, the crowd refuses to lose confidence in its team; they are madly yelling, "Get the two, get the two!"

They do get the two—two violations, that is. Number 57 took more than three seconds in the keyhole to tie her shoe-lace. Pinnie untied, shoe-lace untied—the poor kid is full of loose ends today. Her loyal teammate, while rushing to her aid, tripped over the basketball and fell, thus spending more than her allotted three seconds in the keyhole.

It's half-time now, and we bring you this special girls' sports bulletin. Sign up today for the intra-scholastic perfume team. This team's first trial has been proven a pungent success. Now back to our exciting game, as the girls finish eating their oranges, whose purpose is to renew vim, vigor, and vitality.

It looks like the red team is missing a player, but the game will go on. Glen Golenberg, Shaker's star forward, dons pinnie number one to finish the game. In immediate succession he is called for double dribble, palming the ball, charging, and making passes.

The seconds are ticking away; the bench players are fervently attempting to prepare refreshments. Mama Duck calls a time-out for a much needed war cry of "1-2-6 Fight!" This added impetus gives Mama Duck's players the energy to sink twenty-three baskets in the last ten seconds of playing time.

The game ends with a feeble whistle from the score table. The victorious home team shows its sportsmanship with that rousing cheer, "Strawberry Shortcake." And so we bring to a close another memorable event in the pages of sports' history.

Tune in again next week when your on-the-spot reporter will bring you a play-by-play account of the Body Mechanics Intramural Championship.

With Marnie Seniors are Large and Marge

Girls—

If that boy in your class spends all his nights,
Playing at marbles or watching the fights,
And you finally ask him to tell you the reason,
He might say this, as by you he's breezin':
"Blessings on you, senior girl,
With skirts so tight they will not whirl.
Cashmere sweaters fancy clothes,
Next you'll be wearing heels and hose.
Seems you don't give one darn 'bout men here at home,
To far off places your heart does roam,
You talk of the college men you miss,
But where are his letters to prove all this?
Princess thou art—thou grown up lady,
Have you forgotten your past so shady?
When your sole enjoyment was climbing trees,
Without the intention of showing your knees!
Now you delight in talks on the phone,
Discussing your friends—bone by bone.
With a final remark your dissection is through,
Then someone calls her to gossip 'bout you.
Relax and be happy, while the competition is down,
More than likely next year you'll be wearing a frown.
Your reigning days as queen won't yet be past,
Upperclassmen will date you—last."

Boys—

When you want a date for the senior prom,
Is the only one willing your old standby—mom?
If you ask a senior girl, she'll tell you why,
She'll tell you this, as she passes you by:
"Blessings on you, senior man,
With khaki pants more gray than tan,
Ivy shirts and sweaters crew,
Boy, we've had our fill of you.
Strutting up and down the hall,
Bet you're glad that you're so tall.
But just because you're six foot three,
Gives you no right to step on me.
Prince thou art, thou grown up man,
Every sophomore girl's your fan.
What makes you act so mighty high?
I knew you when you used to cry.
You once excelled in sports athletic,
Now we find it's quite pathetic,
To see you cater to the nurse's whim,
In hopes that you'll get out of gym.
Live and laugh, my little man,
Enjoy your lordship while you can.
Soon you'll be damper than last week's wash,
A creeping, crawling, college frosh!"

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Junior and Senior Boys Anxiously Await the Opening of Ascot Park

Only 170 More Days Till Cross Country Season Opens

By Ding Bell

Somebody once said that in the spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. In the fall, however, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of cross country.

Perhaps this sport started when Pheidippides (the idol of all cross country men) raced twenty miles to Athens. As he reached the city stumbling and exhausted, he gasped out, "Rejoice, we conquer," and fell dead. Cross country was carried on in Dogpatch, U.S.A., when, every year, on Sadie Hawkins Day, the eligible bachelors attempted to put as much distance as possible between themselves and a screaming horde of husband-hungry females. Today, red-blooded American boys turn out in large numbers every fall to participate in this quickly developing sport.

Acclaimed by sportwriters the world over as "the greatest spectator sport," cross country offers the fellow who can not make the football or tennis teams a chance to get out of gym class during the fall sports season. A thrill to the sophomore who is out for cross country for the first time is the fact that he is a member of the varsity team. As are other athletic teams, Shaker's cross country boys are a well-uniformed lot. Every year many of the team members get together and purchase their sweat suits from the same store, just to have them match. To win a red shirt in cross country is a real accomplishment because the wearer of such a shirt shows that he is one of the top seven boys on the squad. Also, the red shirt is the only apparel of the cross country participant that shows the opposition and throngs of interested spectators that he represents Shaker.

To the boy who is competing in an interscholastic sport for the first time, it is a real treat to be urged on to victory by the multitude of spectators. This past season, Shaker cross country broke all previous attendance records. In the 1957 season, more parents turned out to watch their sons than ever before. This display of concern for them has a tremendous effect on the team's morale. Another advantage of cross country is the manner in which a participant is treated after the team wins a big meet, such as the annual contest with Onaway School. The runner is a king in the eyes of all his fellow Shakerites. This has a great deal to do in building the character of the boy.

Unheard of is the cross country coach, although he is the backbone of the team; he is what makes the boys click; he is the one who sees that the last boys to finish in a race are allowed to walk home. This year, Coach Bob Rice was selected "Coach-of-the-Year" in a poll of all cross country team members. Coach Rice, however, not wishing to accept all the glory of being the cross country coach, modestly conceals himself under such aliases as "Zorro" or "The Jaw."

Dick Daniels, possessor of boys' bowling league's worst average, prepares to do battle once again with the two gutters.

Rudy, tryin' to get that foot out of there again?

Heinlen Inaugurates New Policy at Shaker

By Pocahontas

Just received by teletype is this inclusively exclusive report from our special baseball correspondent, Coach Fred Heinlen, located at the Raiders' spring training headquarters in Avocado, Florida: "Arrived last week—team rapidly rounding and/or squaring into form. F. H."

By way of explanation the ensuing report edited by our staff, dedicated to removing all "stale stuff" from sports, is printed.

Relieved of financial frustration this year by a phenomenal Tag Day Sale in which 98.061% of the student body purchased over six tags apiece, Coach Fred Heinlen in the hope of improving over 1957's dismal debut concluded that the baseball squad needed intensive spring training in a warmer climate. Desiring to instill early the spirit of competition he split the squad into five groups, gave each $55, and ordered a hitch-hike race to Orlando, Florida.

Upon his arrival at Avocado Coach Heinlen found his efforts to secure a berth in the so-so rated Grapefruit League hampered. Not to be discouraged he entered the team in the varsity superior Avocado League. At once the Raiders' headquarters bordering on the Okeechobee Swamp was alive with activity as novel ideas were put into effect. Included are intensive speed-building drills through the everpresent mud with the speedy battery duo of Tomasch and Lenhart doubling as instructors. However, not until yesterday's speedy 1-0 loss to a potent No-mawr, Georgia, squad was the intrinsic value of this emphasis on speed realized. Nevertheless today's 0-0 draw to a highly rated mountain team from T. E. Corners, Tennessee, was somewhat more gratifying, although this draw did point out a certain weakness in hitting.

And so this season's preview is up to date. As to the future, it is uncertain. Will this noble spring training experiment on the mud flats of Avocado, Florida, pay off? Some indication should be seen as Coach Heinlen's glovemen compete with their unpredictable rival, Watthoppin, Wisconsin, on their trip northward.

Coach Zednik Looks Forward To Happy Memories at L.H.S.

By Joe Nass

In an effort to gain some first-hand views on the forthcoming state wrestling meet at Lakewood, this reporter interviewed Coach Edward "Zip" Zednik. The interview, which turned out to be very informative, was as follows:

Q. "Do the boys appear confident that they will win at state?"

A. "The self-reliance which the lads have displayed during post academic drills has truly been gratifying. The assiduous little tykes have been vying among themselves with intense ardor in their endeavors to qualify for the tournament."

Q. "Which boys are you counting on most heavily, Mr. Zednik?"

A. "Paul Henning, one of our most prominent contenders, is a young man whose terrifying demeanor alone should bring him victory. Lenny Weiss, our noble captain, has been preserving his fine condition by tearing Manhattan telephone directories in half. Mike Schneiberg, affectionately called "Man Mountain" by his friends on the team, is in fine fettle, as are Pete Ban and Allan Benson. Incidentally, Allan has reduced to a lissome 160 through dehydration."

Q. "In concluding, sir, could you tell us what you feel are Shaker's actual chances of victory?"

A. "Our relative position in the state championship is difficult to ascertain. However, I must confess that our fellows have compiled a superb record this year against truly formidable adversaries. Our splendid showing is marred only by a heartbreaking 25-24 loss at the hands of last year's state champion, Hathaway Brown. Yes, I believe that I can verily say that our present situation appears quite propitious. I do know that the team would warmly appreciate any vociferous support provided by the student body."

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